Stay

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/36872206.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Charlie Countryman (2013), Adam (2009), HEU - Fandom, Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Nigel (Charlie Countryman)/Adam Raki
Characters:	Adam Raki, Nigel (Charlie Countryman)
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship, Fluff, Light Angst, Anxiety, Dialogue Heavy
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Sourweather Threads
Stats:	Published: 2022-02-04 Words: 1,282 Chapters: 1/1

Stay

by sourweather

Summary

"No, I- I don't want you to spend the night, Ni. I want you to *stay*."

Adam wants to move forward with Nigel. How much change can he handle?

"Ni?"

Nigel hums, soft lips kissing him again and again. Adam has to speak in the moments between them, both unwilling and unable to pull away, already pressed into his sheets.

"I want you to stay."

He smiles into the next kiss, nipping lightly at the swell of Adam's lower lip. Adam sighs.

"Sure, gorgeous. You know I'm always keen to spend the night."

Adam huffs. "No, I-" This kiss is longer, deeper. Adam reaches up and cups Nigel's jaw, losing his train of thought when his boyfriend licks his way into his mouth.

Nigel is strong and warm above him, shielding him. Adam runs his fingers through the ashen fur on the other man's chest, darts his tongue out to lick the tips of sharp incisors. Nigel groans. He plays with the curls at the nape of Adam's neck, braced on his forearms so low that Adam doesn't even have to crane his neck to eagerly accept the endless affection. Nigel sucks at his lip. They just finished a few minutes ago, but Adam feels his cock twitch weakly.

He takes Nigel's face in both hands, gently holding him in place as he gasps for air. Nigel snaps his teeth at the air, playing at breaking Adam's hold and diving in again. He stays put, though. Adam laughs, praying his nervousness isn't visible. It walks the line between anticipation and outright fear, and Adam isn't sure yet what side he'll land on.

"I don't want you to spend the night, Ni, I want you to *stay*."

Nigel goes still. His pointed grin falls and the air in the room seems to turn cold. Adam feels worry settle in the pit of his stomach.

"...What are you saying?"

"For as long as you want to stay, I mean," Adam says, suddenly very interested in the space just behind Nigel's shoulder. "I know I'm not easy to live with, but I can try to accommodate your habits. I can try, for you, if you want me to. I can...I could change."

"You...you want me to move in with you?"

Adam tries to swallow the urge to panic, the fear that he's dramatically misread their relationship.

"We've been dating for nearly a year. I looked it up and a lot of articles suggested waiting at least two years before living with a partner, but we were friends for a few months before sleeping together, so if that counts then we would only be moving a bit faster than that."

Nigel doesn't speak. Adam feels his pulse elevate.

"I'm sorry. Forget that I said anything, we don't have to- oh!"

Nigel's embrace is a little too tight. It makes him wheeze but he can feel his boyfriend's smile pressed to the crook of his neck.

"No, I want to, Adam. I do. I want to stay, I wanna move in."

"Oh, good," Adam says, but the coil of anxiety in his stomach only gets tighter.

Nigel pulls back, presses a half-dozen kisses over Adam's cheeks. His face is wet in their wake. Nigel is crying.

He's still smiling, though. He laughs, blinking hard. "But- baby, are you sure you're okay with that? I don't want to fuck up your routines."

Adam smiles around the discomfort he feels. He's happier than he is frightened. He is. He's been thinking about this for a long time. Nigel is good to him. Moving in with him would be a very drastic change but Adam *loves* Nigel. It would be okay. He would adjust and it would be worth it.

Eventually.

"I'll be alright. I can...I can just make my side of the bed when I get up in the morning, and I'll clear out part of my closet for your clothes, and-" He tries to take a slow breath, but the air doesn't seem to make it to his lungs. Nigel isn't grinning quite as wide as before and it makes him feel even sicker. "And I can keep your shampoo in my shower, and start buying foods that you like instead of-"

"Adam?"

"-instead of what I like, and I can get used to cleaning up after you, and-"

"Adam."

"I can do it. I can change. I can-"

"Adam!"

He stops in his tracks, staring up at Nigel. His brows are furrowed. When he speaks again, he's whispering.

"You're shaking, darling."

Adam groans, trying to will his limbs to stop trembling. "I'm fine," he says.

"You're a fucking awful liar, that's what you are."

He just huffs, face going sour.

His frown smooths a little when Nigel's lips press to his forehead.

"Talk to me, gorgeous," he coaxes softly. "Tell me what you're feeling."

Adam lies against the mattress, glaring at the ceiling. "I feel frustrated."

"Alright. Why?"

"Because I *do* want you to move in with me. I do."

"I believe you."

Adam nods. "I love you."

"I love you, too."

"And when I think about us living together, I feel so happy it almost hurts." He glances at Nigel. Smiles. "I want that to be our future."

Nigel brings Adam's hand to his lips and kisses his knuckles. "We're on the same page, then."

Adam uses his other hand to brush back his curls, sighing. "But it also makes me feel *scared*."

"It's a big step."

"It is. And I don't know...I don't know if I'm ready. I want to be."

"You'll get there."

Adam feels his eyes stinging. "You think so?"

Nigel nods. Adam closes his eyes before anything can leave. "I just wish I wasn't-"

"I don't."

He sobs softly when Nigel kisses each of his cheeks. "I don't mind, babe. Take your time. Take a year. Take ten, I'll be here."

He looks up, a few tears sliding down toward his ears. "And you'll just wait?" he sniffs. "That isn't fair."

Nigel wipes his tears away with calloused thumbs. "I'm not going anywhere. You don't need to lock me down, angel, I'm yours."

"I love you."

"I love you too. Here," Nigel rolls in bed, tugging Adam close until his head is on the other man's chest. "How about this: I'm gonna sleep here tonight. After I get off work, I'll go back to my apartment, take a shower, and pack a bag. Nothing crazy. Some pajamas, some underwear, my toothbrush and an extra phone charger. It'll only take up one of the drawers in your nightstand. When I get here we can make dinner together and watch a movie. If you want me to stay another night, I can. If you don't, I'll go back to my place and leave my stuff here for next time. Sound good?"

Adam nods into his chest, the knot of anxiety finally starting to come loose. "Yes. That sounds...that sounds like a good step."

Nigel seals the deal with a kiss to Adam's curls. "Good."

Adam takes his hand, observing how nicely they fit together. "...Tomorrow is when I go shopping. I could...you like Barbecue Potato Chips, right? I could buy a bag, for you to have as a snack during the movie. And a six-pack of beer."

Nigel kisses his head again, and squeezes his hand. "Sounds like a date, gorgeous."

He hums, snuggling closer.

"Tell me how you feel, angel."

"Better," he says, eyes refusing to stay open any longer. "Much better. I feel happy." He frowns, then. "You aren't disappointed, are you?"

Nigel chuckles. "Baby, you just told me that you've been thinking about a future with me in it. I'm on cloud fucking nine."

He smiles to himself. "Okay. Good night, Nigel."

Nigel's thumb drags along Adam's knuckles, slow and steady. "Good night, Adam."

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!